

Editorial Snap Shots.

Boost! If you cannot find anything to boost, boost yourself. Anything to create a boosting disposition in Tillamook.

"Feed the birds!" That is what some people thought they were doing when the robins devour their strawberries last summer.

If there were as many drunken persons on the street as was published, then the city ought to be collecting lots of fines to help out the city's finances.

If the city marshal will furnish us with the names of the young men and young women who returned to the city the worse for drink we will publish them.

It is all very well to be sympathetic, but about this time last year it seems to us that Tillamook freight was piled up at Astoria and the Sue H. Elmore was at Umpqua.

We want to inform the taxpayers and shippers of Tillamook County that Mr. Samuel Elmore has not paid last year's taxes on his farm or on the salmon canneries.

The new Port of Tillamook encountered its first snag. Mr. Claude Thayer refuses to turn over to the new Port the books, furniture and money in the hands of the old Port.

By taking the Boela Nolan case to the supreme court it will give the supreme judges a pretty good idea of the character of some of the persons they have permitted to practice law.

The only person imprisoned in Tillamook County for violating the local option was a poor little Jap, and the first person to go to jail for hunting without a license is a Dago. Isn't that base discrimination against the foreigners when there are so many blind pigs about. But there is no use to worry, it is Tillamook style of doing business.

Mr. Russell Hawkins, of The Whitney Co., believes that in another year, by united efforts on the part of the timber owners and the leading business men of Portland, backed up by the people of this county, that an appropriation will be secured for the improvement of Tillamook bar. It will be a great day for this county whenever this is obtained. It is something worth striving for, for it will mean much to Tillamook when ships can load lumber in this city or on the bay for all parts of the world. No matter how some persons may strive to retard the progress and prevent the opening up of this county it is bound to come.

There were quite a number of good roads enthusiasts in the county last summer, and, no doubt, they are just as enthusiastic now as they were then. The county court has levied a 8 mill road tax, which will amount to \$90,000. That is quite a large amount of money for a county the size of Tillamook, but that amount is necessary to open up the county with good roads. We still advocate a good gravel road from Dolph to the Clatsop county line, and hope that considerable improvements will be made on this road whenever the weather will allow. All parts of the county would be benefited by this road being improved.

The business men and citizens of Tillamook City are almost unanimous upon one subject—that of making this a seaport. A few snags may be met here and there to prevent this improvement, but that should not dampen the ardor or thwart the determination of the people who want this carried to completion. And they are going see that it is carried out, too, for a seaport right in the heart of the county will be of inestimable benefit to everybody owning property or living in the center of the county. This is no idle prattle on the part of the snap shot man, but something that he will fight and contend for with bull dog tenacity because he believes that he is right on this subject. Anyway, no one has yet

offered good, logical reasons for opposing the improvement.

No one wishes to deny anyone having fun snowballing as long as they keep within reason and use common decency and discretion, but, like a great many other things, there are those who go to extremes. This was instanced a good many times in this city by the breaking of windows and insults that peevable pedestrians and business men had to put up with on the business streets of the city. For the most part, this was endured for want of proper protection, but, nevertheless, there was complaint, as the business part of the city is no place to engage in a snowball encounter. Because there is snow on the ground does not give anyone a license to insult or molest pedestrians as they walk along the public streets. Many persons have been rendered unconscious by being struck in the back of the head by snowballs, thrown by vicious persons, or by gangs of boys or young men.

By way of comparison, this is a good time for the dairymen to do a little figuring to show what the price of butter fat was a few years ago and what it is today. In looking over some published reports in 1896, we will take that of the Tillamook Creamery, which was the most successful and progressive cooperative association in the county at that time, and we find these figures:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Pounds of milk received, Pounds of butter made, and Average price paid for butter fat.

The last published report of this association shows that the factory received 3,355,382 pounds of milk, and of that amount 3,304,162 pounds were made into cheese and 51,220 pounds into butter.

Wonder whether the two newspapers can create enough public sentiment so as to insist upon the enforcement of law? The city is armed with enough ordinances to cover most every offence, and it is up to the city marshal to do his duty, for there are numerous complaints on account of the lax manner in which the violators of the law have been carrying on of late. The marshal stated at the council meeting on Monday that several young men and young women returned to the city from sleighing the worse for drink. It occurred to us as it will to most every person, that he should have arrested them and locked them all up. That was his plain duty and for which he is being paid. Had the law been enforced in the past it would have put a stop, long before this, to scenes like that described by the city marshal. The snap shot man is going to take the position that, as long as the marshal receives pay as the peace officer of the city he should enforce the law, and in case of incompetence or failure to do so, then it is up to the mayor and city council to remove him and find someone who will and who is worth the salary paid him. Officer Kimball will have the hearty support of the Press as long as he does his duty. On the other hand, should he fail to preserve the peace and dignity of the city, then he must expect sharp criticism from the Press. The overburdened taxpayers are entitled to a business administration of city affairs, and it is a well known fact that a live, energetic marshal and a city recorder who would place the fines at the maximum instead of at the minimum, it

would effect two things, 1st. several thousand dollars would be collected in fines, which would relieve the taxpayers, and, 2nd, it would put a stop to rowdism and lawlessness, especially with a certain class of young men.

ELAINE.

Mrs. Richards and Mrs. Goldworthy visited Roland's last Sunday. Mrs. Goldworthy stayed Sunday night with Miss Fannie Smith. Church was held at Blaine school house Sunday evening by Rev. Preston J. J. Hollett and family visited E. E. Rowland and family Sunday.

Edward Gray, who has been staying with his sister Mrs. Dve Moon, and attending school at Blaine, spent Sunday with his folks.

Mr. E. R. Ayer who has been visiting friends at Blaine, started for Tillamook, Friday.

It began snowing on Tuesday of last week and for three days, it looked very much like Wisconsin winter. Snow fell to the depth of 16 inches.

The report from the last examinations show that five pupils received an average of 99. Chester Hollett, Roy Woods, Fred Hollett, Fred Coulson and Ray Woods.

Mr. F. J. Welsh, who has been visiting friends at Salem, returned home just in time to enjoy the snow.

SANDLAKE.

Ira Dimond made a business trip to Tillamook Tuesday, and returned home Thursday.

Elt Webb, of Cloverdale, was visiting with friends and relatives a few days this week on Sandlake.

U. S. Edwards, Ernest Berg, Dad Karr and E. R. Hayes all started on a raccoon hunt Friday, but only saw one track, and the snow being so deep they could not track it very far. On returning home U. S. Edwards wanted to find out if snow water was very cold, and stepped in a tide ditch that was too deep for his boots. He thinks the water is a little colder now than it is in July.

The snow is 8 1/2 inches deep in the valley of Sandlake at the present writing with good indications of more.

In the year 1887 there was 16 inches of snow fell, beginning the 1st day of February, and going on the 1st day of March. The farmers did not feed their stock any more after the first of March.

There was a small attendance at Sunday-school, Sunday, at Sandlake, on account of the weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Berg, Hazel and Edna Karr were seen taken a sleigh ride Sunday.

Harland Karr intends starting for Portland, Monday, to see his girl if the weather permits. Don't let the snow scare you out Harland! I used to go and see my girl through a snow storm.

E. Owens and Clyde Webb killed three raccoons and one wild cat Sunday.

Joe Finigan was seen on Sandlake Monday. It does beat all what a fellow will do for a deer.

BOULDER CREEK.

Forrest Ayer and family have been enjoying a visit with his brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Ayer, from Tillamook.

L. N. Sandoz went to Beaver, Monday, after a sled load of provisions, we presume, Johnnie Birt's accompanied him.

H. L. Jensen and family were out sleigh riding Sunday at C. N. Johnson's, and Monday at W. N. Bays.

A little son arrived at W. D. Gladwill's on new year's eve, December 31st. Mother and baby doing fairly well.

E. P. Mills had the misfortune last week to lose one of his horses.

Report says that L. N. Sandoz has purchased the fittings for the cheese factory he will erect soon.

H. A. Chopard and Forrest Ayer shoveled out the snow slides on the Chopard grade Thursday, and on Saturday Messrs. Jensen, Chopard and Ayer cleaned out the Sears grade, which was impassable for a team and nearly so for a horse.

As the weather is too bad for little tots to attend school we are having a vacation this week.

Ben Comer is feeding some cattle for Mr. Borba and M. T. Soares at their ranch on Battle Lake. We hear that Mr. Soares intends to come home from the camp about February 1st.

Grandpa Sears, father of Charlie Sears, died at Ballston some time in December, so we are informed.

Our telephone line to the city has been down since last Wednesday and fortunately we have all been healthy, so the doctor was not needed.

Mr. Editor, will you allow us to supply a little addition to your list of births and deaths. R. Y. Blalock's baby boy died in two or three weeks after his birth (I don't know the date), and a son was born to W. D. Gladwill and wife, December 31st.

"Old Crockel," the sorrel pony which has been in C. A. Smith's possession for about sixteen years, is rustling for something to eat, these days. She was in pasture on the Turpey ranch, and did well until the deep snow covered the grass. A kind hearted rancher has been feeding her, but everyone has all the stock he can care for, and the poor old horse will have to shift for herself if the owner doesn't look after her.

Miss Alma Masca, of Hebo, spent the holiday week with her friend, Miss Ethel Jensen.

The Power of Habit.

After having been a faithful devotee of the automobile two years or more Mr. Dragon suddenly was seized with a violent fancy for motor boats. "A beautiful fancy runs in this town," he said. "Why not have some enjoyment out of it? In a motor boat you don't have to dodge policemen and rural constables."

So he bought one, took a day's instruction in the art of managing it and keeping the machinery in running order and started out on his first trip with it one bright morning in July.

It was late in the afternoon when he returned home. He came in by the back way. His clothes were water soaked and he had a generally limp and bedraggled appearance.

"For pity's sake, Alfred!" exclaimed his wife. "What has happened to you? Did the boat upset?"

"No, Luce," he answered. "Don't say anything about it and I'll tell you the boat's all right, but when I had been out on the water an hour or two something went wrong with the motor."

"Well, before I—er—knew what I was doing I was over the side of the boat and trying to get under it to fix the thing."

A Shrewd Doctor.

"This is decent," said a doctor, "happened in France two or three centuries ago. In the days when public criminals were always in evidence. There was a pupil of Montpelier who used to go from place to place to practice the healing art. He employed a very ingenious trick to help him on his way. When he came to a town where he was not known he pretended to have lost his dog, which he declared was a very valuable animal, and ordered the public crier to rouse about, beat lead on his drum and offer a reward of 25 louis to whoever should bring the dog to him. At the same time the crier was directed to mention all the titles and academic honors of the doctor as well as his place of residence. Of course it happened that the doctor was not long in becoming almost the sole topic of talk in the town. The people made up their minds that he must be a famous physician as well as a very rich one, as he could offer 25 louis for finding his dog. You might reasonably judge that the dog was never found, but plenty of patients were."

Winning a Jurymen. It is related of Lachaud, the most famous of French criminal lawyers in the last century, that in pleading a certain case he perceived that one of the jurors seemed to be hostile to him and his argument.

In the faces of all the other men in the box he saw with his practiced eyes that his oratory or his shrewdness was having its effect, but this man, in spite of all Lachaud could do, remained frowning, suspicious, obdurate.

Lachaud continued with his work, however, and presently saw that his opportunity had come. It was a hot day, and a ray of sunlight had penetrated a crevice on the curtain and was shining on top of the head of this jurymen, who was quite bald. The lawyer paused in his argument and addressed himself directly to the court.

"If your honor would please," he said, "to order that the curtain in yonder window be lowered a trifle I am sure that the sixth jurymen would appreciate it."

This sign of watchful attention won the obstinate jurymen's heart and Lachaud's case.—New York Tribune.

Walking on Your Hat. "Nothing is wasted in this house" is the proud remark which you may often hear from the lips of an expert housekeeper. It is a boast, however, that few people could really justify. Take the case of a worn-out derby hat. In the majority of instances this discarded article of headgear finds its way to the rubbish heap or perhaps into the hands of a passing tramp. If only people were aware of the fact, the most excellent felt soles for the inside of their boots and slippers are thus being discarded. These soles can be cut from the sides of an old hat and are much more comfortable than the ordinary cork ones.

The Japanese and Their Prisoners. The Japanese have a rather kindly way of treating prisoners who have not yet been convicted. The regulation prison dress is a kind of strawberry red colored kimono, but men on remand wear light blue as a sign that, although under strong suspicion, they have not yet been found guilty. When prisoners in this class have occasion to pass through the public streets curious extinguisher-like baskets are placed upon their heads.—Wide World Magazine.

Way to Marital Happiness. "Marry a bright woman for success and a pretty one for happiness," advises a student of the problems. Also one who can cook for the benefit of the digestion might be advisable, but the pesky laws limit you to one.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Penholder. He had lent her his stylographic pen, and she commenced to write a letter. She—Oh, it writes beautifully. I declare I'm in love with this pen. He—I'm in love with the holder. She saw the point.

His Bluff Called. "My dear, you grow prettier every day." "And shabbier, John. Compliments are all very well, but I'd like to see a little ready cash occasionally."

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.—Chatham.

Examining Wedding Gifts.

"Women viewing another woman's wedding presents say things which are likely to be misinterpreted," said the bachelor who declares he hates weddings, but always goes when invited, according to the Washington Post, "and other things which no favorable interpretation would make complimentary to the bride or to the givers. It's the way of the sex, I suppose. Now, why is it that the most common remark of the women who are inspecting the layout of silver and cut glass and other gifts more or less useful is, 'What a lot of presents she got?' They don't mean anything unkind, but the inference an uninitiated eavesdropper would draw is that they wonder why she got so many, as if by rights she shouldn't have had half so many. Of course they vary the remark, 'What a lucky girl!' says one, as if she would like to add, 'Some persons have too much luck.' And another says, 'I wonder where they all came from,' implying almost as if the bride couldn't have enough friends to make so many gifts and must have sent some of them to herself just to making a showing."

World's Cleanest Soldiers. The Japanese soldier considers it a disgrace to be dirty. Soldiers of other nationalities are not always over-particular, but, as Mr. Kipling has sung: Oh, east is east, and west is west, and never the twain shall meet.

However, the Japanese military man is not provided by a grateful and beneficent government with a portable bath, so when on active service he has to set his wits to work in order to obtain the necessary adjuncts to his ablutions.

The Chinese, for reasons of their own, manufacture long and large jars, whose diameter is that of a western main drain. It occurred to a bright Japanese that one might just as well have a bath standing up as lying down.

Accordingly he and his comrades interred a jar, built a furnace beneath it and filled it with water. Soon a boiling hot bath bubbled before them. Imitators sprang into being and subsequently into similar baths.—Bystander.

Had Been Anticipated. A London composer was one summer engaged on the score of an opera, and as the weather was very hot he worked with the windows of his study open. This fact was taken advantage of by his neighbor, a lady, an accomplished musician, with a very quick and retentive ear, to play upon him a harmless practical joke.

One morning he completed and tried over a new march, and the lady on the same afternoon seated herself at her grand piano, opened her windows and rolled forth the air fortissimo. The composer rushed distractedly into his garden to his wife and, tearing his hair in anguish, cried out:

"My dear, I give it up! I thought I had composed an original tune, but it must be a delusion, for my grand march—my chef d'oeuvre, as I thought it—is only a reminiscence and is already the property of some music publisher!"

They Sat Down. One night at a theater some scenery took fire, and a very perceptible odor of burning alarmed the spectators. A panic seemed to be imminent when an actor appeared on the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "compose yourselves. There is no danger."

The audience did not seem reassured.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued the comedian, rising to the necessity of the occasion—"confound it all—do you think if there was any danger I'd be here?"

The panic collapsed.

England's Mother Church. The oldest frequented church in England is probably St. Martin's, at Canterbury, and you may call it the mother church of England. Walk up from the outskirts of the city and you will pass the font which gave baptism to King Ethelbert 1,300 years ago. The font still stands, the worshippers still mount the slope, and one considers whether it was Augustine or Bertha who dragged the king and husband to that font.—London Chronicle.

A Gallant Clergyman. It is said that the Rev. Sydney Smith could be gallant as well as witty on occasion.

"Oh, Mr. Smith, I cannot bring this flower to perfection," said a young lady to him once as she showed him about her conservatory.

Whereupon he took her by the hand and said, "Then let me bring perfection to the flower."

A "Place of Learning." Sydney Smith, once asked why a certain college was called a place of learning, replied that, although a great many had been there to get learning, no one had ever taken learning away; hence it was appropriately named.

Officeholders. "Well, there's one thing to be said for public servants."

"What's that?"

"When you hire one you never have any trouble keeping him."—Cleveland Leader.

Out of Mind. Fenton—At first he was simply crazy about her, but now he neglects her shamefully. Sloance—I see. At first he went out of his mind, and then she went out of his mind.

No man can be wise on an empty stomach.—George Eliot.

Smyrna Figs.

Smyrna figs ripen by the beginning of August. They are not picked, when they reach a certain maturity they begin to dry, and consequently they drop on the ground. In the morning everybody on the plantations goes around with buckets gathering the fruit, which they carry to a certain place where the ground is covered with dry leaves and straw (straw) and on which they spread the figs, exposing it to the sun, allowing it to remain there from two to three days. It takes about three days to dry the fig if north winds prevail, as the atmosphere is then very dry. If, however, westerly winds are blowing, which means heavy dew at night, the fruit must remain exposed to the sun from five to seven days. This is a dangerous period, as rain or even shower might ruin hundreds of tons of fruit lying on the ground. Heavy dew sometimes are just as detrimental. The proper atmospheric conditions insure a crop of large, sound, rich, are west winds in June and July, followed by north winds in August, and from then on an occasional west wind every five or six days.

Not a Nursery. "Before I got this job I had no idea so many funny things happened in street cars," said a new conductor, according to the Denver Post. "Every day I see and hear things that are amusing. For instance, a woman with a baby about two years old boarded my car and rode downtown. When she reached Fifteenth and California she rose to get off. The baby was tucked snugly in the corner of the seat. The woman hesitated in the aisle. 'She said to me, 'I'd like to ask a favor of you.'"

"What is it?" I asked.

"I've got some shopping to do," she said. "Would you please take me around a trip with you? I don't want him with me. I'll be back when you return to this corner and take him."

"Madam," I replied, "I can't take care of your baby. Suppose he should get to crying, as he undoubtedly would?"

"Well, goodness me," she said, "could you slap him, couldn't you?"

The Complete Alpinist. The young millionaire had climbed the Jungfrau, Monclaux and Elger.

"It is more dangerous work than a toring," he said, "and, dear me, the climber is loaded down. He resembles a peddler more than anything else. He carries wood to make a fire with. He carries nails for his boots. He carries a lamp. He also has an ever-ready cut to steps for himself perpendicular ice walls, and he has cord wherewith to rope himself to his companions, and he has a staff to lean him up and down the steep. In his sack on his back there are all sorts of things—tubes of concentrated tea, coffee, candles, socks, extra shoes, gloves, pins, brandy, meat extra smoked glasses. And dangling between his shoulders is a pair of snowshoes, without which in the August sun he would sink in the snow quite up to his knees at every step."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Wanted the Other One. A handsome and neatly dressed young woman was walking down the street the other day, followed by her fat, day dachshund pup. It was manifest and the pavement being so what crowded caused the dog to some distance behind its mistress. Fearing it would lose sight of her, called, "Come along, sir!"

A would be wit who was near the ped up to her and with great politeness said, "Certainly, miss."

"Ah," she exclaimed as her pet began running up, "you have made a mistake! This is the puppy I called the street London Tit-Bits.

Knew Them at Once. The vicar appointed to a living in an old English village was anxious to see the store his church. On either side of the porch were grotesque, not to be hidden. The vicar had these any callings worked up until their features were made distinct. Then he too very old lady of the parish to tell him and jokingly asked if she could tell him who they were. "Why, no, my heart, sir," said she, peering at old ornaments, "it's you and your lady!"

Pear Shaped Balloons. Pear shaped balloons are the fashion in Belgium. The point is upward; the base of the balloon is spherical. One claimed that balloons of this shape pierce the air vertically with far greater speed than the ordinary spherical balloon. Consequently they are strictly so.

But Not to Pay Back. Dinks—I see Rouge has bought an automobile. I didn't think he had any idea means to do that. Winks—he has all sorts of means of borrowing money and just as many means of spending it.—Judge's Library.

Too Inquisitive. Politician—Congratulate me, my dear friend, I've won the nomination. His Wife (surprised)—Honestly? Politician—No, what in thunder did you want to be up that point for?—Exchange.

Not Deliberate. Wife—I claim that the story you told me last night when you came home was a deliberate lie! Hub—And I was wasn't! I never thought you were more quickly in my life!

Miraculous Foresight. Englishman (reading)—"Keep This Means You!" Bah Jove, how they know I was coming?—Judge.

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